

Indiana legends 3/45

HOOSIER FOLKLORE BULLETIN

Edited by

Herbert Halpert

INDIANA ROOM

Contents

| | | |
|--|---------------------|----|
| Folklore Items from a Teacher's Notebook | William Hugh Jansen | 1 |
| Witchcraft Stories | Herbert Halpert | 9 |
| Nassau Tales and Beliefs | | 9 |
| An Indiana Witch | | 10 |
| Liars' Club Tales | Herbert Halpert | 11 |
| A Glance at Some Indiana Place-Names | Paul G. Brewster | 14 |
| Editor's Comment | | 17 |
| Notes | | 17 |
| "Little Moron" Stories | E. W. Baughman | 17 |
| City Jests | H. Halpert | 19 |
| A Wisconsin Endless Tale | C. E. Brown | 20 |
| The Black Dog | R. G. McGuire | 21 |
| Swallowing Snake Eggs | D. H. Dickason | 22 |

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The 1943 meeting of the Hoosier Folklore Society will be held at Indiana University, Thursday afternoon, July 1. The session will begin at 2:00 o'clock at the Indiana Union.

The publication of these Bulletins depends upon the receipts from memberships. It is hoped that if you have not yet paid your dues for 1943, you will do so promptly, so that plans can be made for at least one more Bulletin this year. Payment should be made to the Treasurer, Mrs. Cecilia H. Hendricks, Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana. The dues are \$1.00 per year and entitle members to the Bulletin.

FOLKLORE ITEMS FROM A TEACHER'S NOTEBOOK

Much has been said in the Bulletin, at Hoosier Folklore Society meetings, and elsewhere about the possibility of a teacher's serving as a collector. The writer, for one, spoke on this subject at the Indiana State Teachers' Convention held in Indianapolis the past autumn. Perhaps the matter has been sufficiently belabored; at any rate, the present offering -- unless by example -- is not meant to plead further the good cause of collecting folklore, but merely intended to report a few of the results of a short flurry of activity.

I shall not attempt to settle here the argument as to whether students are a reliable or accurate source of folklore. I think they are both, and I know they are a very rich source. The following are a few of the some 150 tales, of various kinds, that I collected from fewer than ninety students in a week's time. The method was very simple. After relating several tales that were part of my own folk background, others that I had collected, and a few Indiana tales that had appeared in this Bulletin, I loosed my students upon a written assignment in which they were to tell about their experiences with tales, -- when told, by whom, with what purpose and what effect -- and to reproduce a tale or tales as nearly as possible as they heard them.

Being unable to take dictation, I could not follow the suggestion in a previous issue of the Bulletin to the effect that such tales should be taken down from a completely oral transmission, but I did call in the various narrators and discussed their tales, making notes directly upon their written copy. As a result, I am satisfied myself that these presented here, as well as others, are tales not too different in form from the oral originals.

It is interesting to note that in this one concentrated bit of collecting, I came upon one tale with three variants, another with two variants, and a third traceable to a narrator already described at length in the Bulletin -- Jim Pennington. Also there was a "spread" over many types: from such common American forms as fabulous hunts, tall tales, and army jokes to stories hauntingly like the European of grave robbers and witches.

The reader must expect no particular rhyme or reason to the order of presentation of the following tales. They are folk tales and as such have no interrelation except that of genre. When I have had anything to say that seemed to me worthwhile or in any way indicative about the tale or its teller, I have prefaced it to the particular tale. In each case I have given credit to the person who narrated it to me. All the narrators were, or are for that matter, either freshman at Indiana University in Bloomington or students taking Freshman Composition at Indiana University Extension Center in Indianapolis.

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The following three tales are all variants of the widespread American tale studied so interestingly as "The Vanishing Hitchhiker," by Richard K. Beardsley and Rosalie Hankey in the California Folklore Quarterly, I (1942), 303-335. Although mentioning Midwestern versions, the article does not specifically mention any from Indiana. All three of these Indiana versions quite clearly fall into Beardsley-Hankey type A, in which a girl is picked up by a motorist but disappears from the car before it reaches the address she had asked to be taken to, at which address a resident recognizes the description of the mysterious girl as that of a daughter or fiancée killed in an automobile accident. These three Indiana variants have partially the traits mentioned by Mr. Beardsley and Miss Hankey of specific localization and clear cut narration.

The first variant was told me by Miss Ruth E. Tracey of Pendleton, Indiana. She has heard it several times, the first no later than 1936. It has been a favorite Hallowe'en story, and in the various times she has heard it she has noticed only one variation: That the girl sometimes comes up to a car already stopped at an intersection. She has heard it given with various names and various addresses. Miss Tracey said, "The main thing that stuck in my mind was that dress and cape - it scared me at first."

1A. The Vanishing Hitchhiker

One day a Mr. Barron was driving home from work. He lived quite a distance from town. After leaving the city limits and traveling for about five miles, he saw a girl coming toward the car. The girl was very beautiful, and she wore a white formal under a black cape. Mr. Barron slowed the car down and the girl motioned for him to stop the car. Mr. Barron stopped the car and asked her what she wanted. The girl asked him if he would take her to 215 Woodlawn Park Estate (Miss Tracey had heard various address and various names for the driver), and he said he would.

All the time they were riding the girl never said a word, and just before reaching the estate, Mr. Barron turned toward the girl to say something; but she was gone. Being very mystified, Mr. Barron decided he would go on to the estate. He found the estate very easily, and he went up to the door and knocked. An elderly gentleman came to the door and asked what was wrong, but for a while Mr. Barron could say nothing (No explanation of this detail). Then he explained to the elderly gentleman what happened to him when he was driving toward home. The elderly gentleman looked rather sad, and began to tell Mr. Barron a story. "It was exactly a year ago today that my daughter went to a dance with some friends, and on the way home on that same road her car was hit, and she was killed, and you are the fourth young man today to come and tell me about seeing her."

* * * * *

The second variant was given by Miss Dorothy Mae Jagers of Fort Wayne. She heard this form while driving to Florida with her family. A gasoline station attendant, noticing their license plates, asked whether they were from Seymour and then told them this story.

Miss Jagers had previously heard the story from her mother, "who had read about it in the paper." Incidentally, I have also been told that the same tale has been printed as a news item in the Columbus, Indiana paper fairly recently.

1B. The Vanishing Hitchhiker

. . . There was an automobile accident near Seymour in which a girl was killed. The car crashed into a cement bridge abutment as the occupants were coming home late one January night.

Every five years on this same January night this girl's ghost dressed in white with a black cape, stands by this bridge. The girl hails passing cars until she finally gets a ride. Always she rides in the back seat of the car. She gives the address of the place where she wishes to get out. This is the home of the deceased girl. When the car arrives at the girl's destination, and the driver turns around to let her out, she is nowhere to be seen.

* * * * *

The last version of the "Vanishing Hitchhiker" is so thoroughly tarred with the literary as to be rather unsatisfactory. It is interesting to note that in this, the most literary version, the very thing that impressed the other tellers - the girl's appearance - has disappeared although the story is told with much detail. However, this variant does include the "five" motif of 1B. It is interesting also that the version makes a greater attempt at deception, is more like the literary ghost story. Indeed Miss M. R. Albertson of Indianapolis, who is responsible for this version, says she heard it many times as a ghost story told for entertainment at parties. She first heard it about 1931, when the story was set in Plainfield, Indiana.

1C. The Vanishing Hitchhiker

Late one evening, a man and his wife were driving along a lonely highway. As the bright headlights of the automobile pierced the darkness, a young girl could be seen standing in the center of the road, waving frantically for the car to stop.

The man quickly applied the brakes of the car and the shrill screech of the tires upon the pavement rang loudly and echoed throughout the countryside. The girl ran to the car and asked to be taken to the nearest town in which her home was located. The man and woman were quite agreeable and decided to help the girl. She cheerfully climbed into the rear of the car and the man resumed his driving. The man and woman found the girl to be very charming and interesting. She explained that her car had broken down as she was returning to her home, of which she gave the exact location to the man. She told them about her mother who lived alone while the girl worked in a large city.

Suddenly, the girl ceased talking and sat quietly. After a few moments the woman turned to speak to the young girl, but as she looked back she let out a shrill scream. The man immediately stopped

the car and turned to inquire what was wrong, but his words were unspoken as he saw that the back seat of the car was vacant and the young girl had disappeared. Just how had she vanished? All the doors of the car were locked and had not been opened.

The people decided to drive to the girl's home and inquire about her. They reached the home and ran to the door on which they knocked loudly. An elderly woman came to the door and listened quietly as they repeated their experience with the girl. After the story was finished, the woman began to tell a fantastic tale. She said that her daughter had been dead for five years, but each year on the date of her death, someone came, as they had just done, and repeated the same tale.

The appearance of the strange girl still remains a mystery to all who have had the experience and to those who have heard the tale.

* * * * *

The next tale has a particular interest to me, for I have a flickering memory of hearing twenty-five years ago the same story about the shenanigans in the old country told by my own grandfather, an Ulsterman. The first of these two variants comes from Miss Martha Ellen Downen of Vincennes, who heard it from her grandfather, and whose version reveals obvious disbelief. The second comes from Mr. Robert C. Brooks of Bedford, whose attitude is equally obvious from his narration. Mr. Brooks went to considerable trouble for me to check this story with his father, who maintained its truth even naming the town "a short way out of Macon" where the incident happened.

2A. Coming To Life

Supposedly this took place on a farm adjacent to the one on which my grandfather was born. An old hermit lived on this farm. When the old hermit died, there were no relatives to sit all night before the funeral with the body. (An interesting reference to the wakes common to Ireland and, I suppose, this country.) So a man was hired.

The man took off his shoes and made himself comfortable while sitting with the body. Some of the neighborhood boys came over to see the body. After seeing the body, the boys induced the man to walk through a long hall and stand at the door talking to them. While the man was at the door, some other boys slipped in the back door and went into the room where the body was. The body had been strapped down in the casket as the dead man's back had been hurt. The boys loosened the straps which were holding the body down, and put some sort of cream on the dead man's face and beard. A slight jar of the floor would now cause the body to become entirely free from the straps.

After a time, the boys finished their conversation with the man and left. As the man came into the room where the body was, he jarred the room slightly, thus causing the body to spring up into practically a sitting position. The man gave a wild yell and ran out of the house. He ran across a field of corn stubble, not even noticing the stubble with his bare feet, and never returned to his home.

2B. Coming To Life

One example of the dead coming to life was witnessed by my father when he was an undertaker in Georgia several years ago.

One day an old Negro, who lived out in the back woods, died of pneumonia. My father was called to prepare the body for burial. When he removed the body, he discovered that the man was a hunch-back. Thus, after embalming the old man and dressing him, my father and another embalmer strapped the elderly Negro in his coffin to make him look more at ease. Then, they returned the old Negro to his home, which was a log cabin in the woods.

That night, all the Negroes from miles around came to the cabin for the wake, which is a gathering of all who desire to sit up all night and mourn for the dead. (Note the feeling that wake must be defined.) To keep from starving while they were lamenting, they brought along a couple of baked hams, some corn bread, and some beer. They also had a few musicians, who were under the influence of alcoholic beverages. As my father departed, he noticed that the mourners were rocking the cabin with their dancing, shouting, and singing, but he thought that this was not unusual; so he continued on his way.

Late that night Dad received a telephone call from one of the wakes (sic). He said, "Mistah buryin' man, di man yo' brung out tuh dis place am still alive, an yo' bettah rush right out." (Mr. Brooks' own attempt at written dialect.) Dad said, "Well, I put enough formaldehyde in him to kill an ox but I'll come on out."

When he got there he found that in their mourning they had jolted the floor to such a degree that they had caused the coffin straps to break; thus permitting the hunchback to practically sit up in his casket. My father had a hard time convincing the mourners that the hunchback was dead; in fact, they refused to re-enter the house again. However the dead man has been dead for quite some time and isn't expected to wake soon.

* * * * *

The following tale contributed by Miss Wilma Rac Hanna of Bloomington was told her by Jim Pennington while he was, appropriately enough, thawing out a frozen automobile motor. One should compare Miss Hanna's written narrative with those taken directly from Mr. Pennington's dictation by Mr. Herbert Halpert and presented in an earlier issue of the Bulletin (I, 43-61).

3. Frozen Flame

There was a man and his two sons. They lived in a hot climate - it was awful hot. Why, there was hardly ever a time when the temperature was under 105° F.. They cut and sold oiled hickory wood. They had an awful big business and they had to work almost all the time to keep the people supplied. Now, there was one thing about this hot climate - it hardly ever rained. Since they didn't have to worry very much about the rain, they made a nice living. Sometimes, when timber

was scarce, they would have to go out into the back woods, and stay away from home several days to get their supply of wood. While they were out on one of these excursions, out in the dense forest, a terrible rain storm came up - the worst rain storm the country had ever seen. After the rain a dense fog fell over the whole land. Following the fog it turned awfully cold. It got so cold that night, with all that ice in the atmosphere, that people were just freezing to death. So they had a great fire with flames leaping 20 feet in the air. Finally, the old man staggered up to the fire and decided to light a torch. He thought maybe if he could get his pipe going, he'd be warmer. So he stuck his torch out against that flame, and he struck something solid. Now he thought he'd stuck that torch against a leg; so he moved it over a ways to miss it, and it was still solid. He got to looking around and found out that that fire had frozen right there in the air. So he and his sons and the folks that were still alive decided to pack up and leave and go South. They just thought there wasn't any sense in trying to work in a place that had such a hot climate.

* * * * *

Next is an unusual variant of the fabulous hunt type of tale which was presented by Miss K. Anne Farrington of South Bend, who had heard it against the rather surprising background of the University Commons over a coca-cola from a fellow student, Mr. Robert A. Boyll of North Terre Haute. Resorting to Mr. Boyll, I discovered he had heard it from his father, an erstwhile member of vaudeville, whence the story may possibly have come.

4. Catching Ducks

It seems that down in the swamp country, there was a man and his wife who were facing starvation. All they had between them and hunger was a shotgun and two shells.

What to do? Well, naturally, it was obvious that the husband must go forth and at least make an attempt with his last two shells. Unfortunately, however, on the way to the swamp, he slipped and fell in the mud! The shells were accidentally destroyed. The hunter looked in his lunchbasket. There was nothing there, but a piece of fat. A piece of fat!

Suddenly, an idea occurs to him. He takes off his leather belt and rips it into strips. Then, he ties them together, making a long line. Seizing the piece of fat, he ties it securely to one end and throws this end out into the swamp where the ducks are waddling. Immediately, the ducks, one by one, grab the fat and swallow it. The fat is so slippery that it goes completely through each duck and thus, our hunter finds that he has a long line of ducks on his belt. Now, he ties the two ends together, but the ducks are becoming active again and start to fly.

He can't let go of them; after all, his poor wife is starving to death. He hangs on; up and up soar the ducks. Higher and higher, they fly, but, luckily, in the direction of his house. So, the hunter begins choking the ducks, one by one. Slowly, they lose altitude. By the time he reaches his house, he is choking the last few ducks. And just as he drifts over his chimney, he chokes the last duck. Plop! The hunter and his kill sink down the chimney and in-

to the fireplace. The hunter calls to his wife with a joyous,
 "Dinner's ready, dear!"

* * * * *

Space forbids the tempting continuation of these tales too far, and so with three tales, all having tantalizing Old World echoes, I shall come to a pause. These three were contributed by more mature students: the first two by Miss Dorothy Fulton of Indianapolis, and the last by Miss Ruth Morris, also of Indianapolis. I present these, introductions and all, as they were handed to me. In neither case did I have any opportunity to check the tales orally with the narrators. Thus they may not be as close to the oral tradition as the others given here, but they still are worth preservation and seem, at least to me, to have the aura of authenticity.

5. The Witch Cat Causes Death

A friend of mine told me this story and his mother verified it; so it must have been true. This friend was the eldest of a family of thirteen children. They lived in a farmhouse just outside a village that nestled among the Appalachian mountains of Pennsylvania. In this same village lived an old woman who, legend had it, was a witch. This old woman and my father had had a quarrel about the sale of some apples, and for that reason they were not speaking. This story was told me in this self-same little village, minus the witch, for it seems that even witches must die eventually.

Here is the story:-

"My mother had just laid my baby brother in his crib one night, gurgling and cooing as only healthy babies can, and she started to turn out the lights. Suddenly mother heard a noise behind her. Turning quickly, she saw a huge black cat framed in the window, staring down malignantly at the baby. Mother was frightened and she called for Dad to come quickly, but he arrived just in time to see the cat jump down and disappear into the night. The baby became ill and died before morning. The doctors could not determine the cause of the baby's death. My father has always believed that if he had killed the cat, the baby would not have died. My family, among others, think the witch took the form of a cat that night to work her evil spell."

6. Injuring The Witch

This story was told to me in the old world atmosphere of a living-room belonging to a woman of Pennsylvania Dutch ancestry, who was somewhat past middle-age. The section of Pennsylvania from which she came abounded in witchcraft lore when she was a little girl. Some of the people she knew were suspected of practicing it, even her mother knew some witchcraft. This was the story as she told it to me:-

"My mother was churning one day and it wouldn't come to butter. Well, she churned and churned, but still no butter. Finally she said that a woman who didn't like her had bewitched the cream; so she went out and broke a green limb off a peach tree and then she whipped

the cream with it. The spell was broken and the cream immediately turned to butter. Shortly after this my mother saw this woman and she had welts on her legs, supposedly from the peach limb."

7. The Grave Robber Caught

During my early years, I often visited my grandmother who had spent her childhood in Pennsylvania. Ghosts and witches seem to have mingled with the people of the earth more freely in those days than they do today. One afternoon while we were sitting on the porch of her small town suburban home, a funeral procession passed slowly by. Her gaze lingered after it for some time before she told me this story.

Many years ago people were afraid to bury their dead with any jewels or valuable possessions on them because they feared grave robbers. No one had ever seen a grave robber, but he was a gruesome figure of the imagination who was believed to exhume the bodies, steal the valuables, and then dispose of the bodies - they knew not how. This dread that the bodies of their dear ones might be desecrated was very disturbing to them.

One day the daughter of a wealthy family sickened and soon died. Her father had given her a watch which she treasured greatly and always wore fastened to a gold chain around her neck. Since she died still wearing the treasure, her parents could not bear to take it away from her. But those who saw this girl lying in her casket with the watch upon her bosom thought the parents had acted unwisely and shook their heads dismally.

Shortly after the funeral, her parents went to the cemetery to visit her grave. As they approached the place of her burial the sight of freshly shoveled dirt caused them to hasten their footsteps. Soon they saw that the dirt had been lifted from their beloved daughter's grave. Coming to the edge of the grave, they looked down and saw about four or five feet below the crumpled body of a dead man pinioned fast to the bottom of the pit by a shovel thrust through the bottom of his long black coat.

(This story seems to be related to that in the Bulletin, I, 58-59, in which the person going to the graveyard catches ~~her~~ dress with a fork -- and dies of fear. In this version there is more emphasis on the idea of supernatural reprisal.

For variants and excellent notes on parallels to Mr. Jansen's fifth and sixth tales about witches, and to those in the succeeding article, see E. E. Gardner, Folklore from the Schoharie Hills, New York (Ann Arbor, 1937), Chapter III, "Witchcraft." -- The Editor.)

Indiana University

William Hugh Jansen

WITCHCRAFT STORIES

In 1940-41 students in my English Composition classes at Indiana University submitted folklore assignments with much interesting material. Some of the folktales they turned in were published in the first and third numbers of the Hoosier Folklore Bulletin. I had not stressed witchcraft beliefs in my preliminary lectures on the assignment, but two of the students made particular efforts to get some. The Bahaman Negro items secured by a colored student are a fascinatingly exotic contribution. The Indiana stories show that witchcraft beliefs came to the state as part of a folk tradition that still survives.

NASSAU TALES AND BELIEFS

Contributed by Ruth Vesta Pope, Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana, December, 1940. She writes: "From the people of Nassau in the Bahama Islands come the most weird stories. A young student whose father is a West Indian and lived in this part of the islands, told to me the strange tales of ghosts and witches."

This student's father said that on certain summer nights when the moon is bright, on the mountains one could see great fires and people dancing. The tales say that if you go up to the mountain without laughing, you could get closer, but if you laughed something terrible would happen to you. One evening about six o'clock, at the age of fourteen, this man persuaded another boy to climb the mountain with him. He was determined not to laugh, and when the fire-people began to dance, he came closer and closer until he joined them. His companion laughed at them, and the people disappeared carrying him with them. Frightened, he ran down to the village to tell the people. The first man he met laughed and immediately his feet were turned backwards.*

These people believed that every night, about six, their ancestors will leave their graves and come to dinner. They cooked their favorite dishes and the ghosts are supposed to eat and leave their bones on the plates. They claimed that only the religious and the very old can see them.

The people take strange precautions to keep ghosts from their doors. It is said that a certain ghost will sit out on his tomb-stone and call, "Come and get me." An old woman passing by cursed him and he returned to his grave and never came out again. Also, to keep the ghosts from coming to their houses the people would mark tens on their houses because ghosts cannot count to ten. They count the houses until they get to the tenth house but cannot enter.

*(For another Negro story of a body getting twisted, see N. N. Puckett, Folk Beliefs of the Southern Negro (Chapel Hill, 1926), p. 145. Puckett's is the standard reference work on Negro beliefs and witchcraft.)

The narratives about witches and voodooes are very interesting. One old lady was supposed to be a witch and take the form of a black cat at night. Some curious children went to her house and threw salt on the black cat as she was trying to climb back into her real skin which was hanging on the wall.

If you stick pins under the chair of a witch she will squirm but cannot get up until the pins are removed. A certain group of voodooes would fly around like bats and if anyone gazed at them they would have a curse on them forever.

The best story that was told to me was one about a man whose property and money was taken by the government. When he died, he requested his left hand to be cut off. They put his hand in the casket with him. Each night his hand would walk around on its finger tips. If it came upon some persons who had taken some money from him, it would make them spell bound and then strangle them to death. When it had strangled all of the people that had betrayed him it disappeared.

AN INDIANA WITCH

Contributed by Alice Heath, of Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana. She took it down verbatim from a university janitor, Mr. R. Hamm, who is between 35 and 40 years old, and comes from Bloomington Township, Monroe County.

When I was a youngster, my dad and my grandfather and all the folks in the neighborhood told us kids these things.

There was a witch story that I will always remember. There'd be a witch - old, ugly hag - and she'd go to some fellow's house, and she carried a bridle, and she'd shake that bridle over his head while he was sleeping. That would change him to a horse, and she'd work him or drive him all night and then the next day he'd be tired. There wasn't anything he could do about it, but they found out that the only way to kill a witch was to kill her with a silver ball. Just have a silver bullet and put it in your gun. Some fellow learned that that was the only way, so he did it and got rid of her one night when he saw her coming with a bridle in her hand.

The witch was really an old lady who lived by herself except for a bunch of cats and dogs. People claimed she'd change herself into different animals. Part of the time she was a hog. This hog would come into somebody's house and root around and destroy things and nobody could have killed it except with a silver ball, but they got her when she was a witch in form. Sometimes she was a hen, a lousy one, and she'd get lice in people's homes and in their chicken houses too. Everytime somebody's chickens got lice, they knew how it happened.

*(For stories of a witch causing vermin to appear, see E. MacCulloch and E. F. Carey, Guernsey Folk Lore (London, 1903), pp. 291, 353, and 604. For parallels to the other items, see the chapter in Gardner.)
Grinnell, Iowa

LIARS' CLUB TALES

In an earlier article in this Bulletin (I, p. 20) there was some mention of "liars' clubs" and I asked for further information about them. On October 8, 1942 Mr. Robert Barr, aged 49, of Bloomington, Indiana, gave the interesting description which follows and also the first three stories. The last two stories were secured from Mr. Warren Henry, aged 16, of Rural Route 3, Bloomington, Indiana.

* * * * *

"The Liars' Clubs usually meet in the rural districts at some congregating point--like around a country store or railroad crossing--and 'course they swap their yarns. It'd be usually in the evening after supper. It could be the year round--has been usually. Warm weather they'd sit out somewhere, like the railroad crossing or in front of an old country store, and in the winter time usually around the stove in the country store after the day's business is done."

That's 'bout all they do--tell stories, tell their yarns. Smoke, chew tobacco. That's a recreation for them--got away from home, visit among their neighbors. One feller drops in, and he's not there very long 'fore another feller comes in. Then the fireworks starts. Then the crowd will enlarge, one or two at a time, all the rest of the evening. Ordinarily the storekeeper doesn't take any part in it. He'll listen in, maybe smile at the tales--that's about all. He kinda stays in a position that any time trade comes in he can withdraw to wait on his business.

"These tales don't have the kick to you that they've to fellers who've been in it. That's the way they come on--when there's been one told, it calls for another in retaliation.

My father remembered all he ever heard, but you never heard him repeat one that had any vile language."

* * * * *

1. The Remarkable Cow

Well, this fellow, he was among a group around one of these little country stores, you know, where the Liars' Club met every night--that's what we always called it: "The Liars' Club." And they'd all--it'd gone the rounds--they was tellin' their tales, and it came this feller's turn and he asked them if they knew he owned the finest cow in the world. And they answered that they didn't. Then he says, "Well, I do." And they answered that he'd have to prove it.

So he said that he had a brindled cow that he'd raised from a calf. That a few days previous he was leading the cow down the pasture and she fell down in a deep ditch. -- And he made a few gestures --that'd be V-shaped.-- "The cow toppled over in the ditch--fell on her

back in the bottom of the ditch. I tried every means I knew but I couldn't roll her over on her feet so she'd get out--I failed. I finally fell upon the plan of throwing a dam in the ditch on each side of the cow. I started milking the cow and continued until the milk filled the ditch to the top. I floated the cow over--and she walked out of the ditch. Now how's that for a cow?"

--(Did they have any remarks?) They don't make any remarks after that kind. They usually look at one another as if to say "That's some lie."

--Heard it in southern Indiana. That's where I got all my tales. About 18 miles east of Vincennes, just out of Washington, Indiana --Davies County.

* * * * *

2. The Powder Factory Fire

I heard it down there. I don't remember when I heard it or where I heard it. 'Course I was bound to get it down there. This fellow that I related it to was one of these innocent kind of fellow that believes everything you tell 'em. You've run across that kind, haven't you? Now this fellow'd told me some kind of big yarn that brought this one. There was some kind of connection between the two, but I wouldn't remember the other.

"I was workin' in a powder factory one time, and one day I got overly tired and sat down to rest. I lighted my pipe, and unthoughtedly dropped the match without extinguishing the same. A small amount of powder caught on fire, and I tried to put it out but failed. The next thought that came into my mind was to secure a pail and try to carry out the powder. I carried powder all day and all night before I got it all moved to safety."

--That finishes the tale. Then this fellow he looks at me and he says, "Oh hell, you'd 've been in a helluva shape if it had ever blown up." I remember that just as well---and I couldn't laugh --I had to crowd it back. Can you imagine anyone taking anything like that?

(There is a Wisconsin version of this tale in this Bulletin, I, 100, and I published another Indiana version, ascribed to "Oregon" Smith, in Southern Folklore Quarterly, VI (1942), 165. I have a New Jersey text in ms.)

* * * * *

3. Matching Lies

There was a feller down there and he really was a big story teller, and he told them for the truth. He really wanted you to believe 'em. He was tellin' about he was workin' in a hay field pitching hay. Small thunder cloud came up, lightning flashed, and all the laborers started for cover. He carried a pitchfork on his shoulder. Lightning struck the pitchfork. He just quickly gave the fork a fling--went on unharmed.

So the feller he related it to said: "That's a good one, I believe every word of it. But that isn't half as good as back several years ago when I was on a construction crew in the Northwest. One pretty Sunday morning early in the spring I had put on a light checkered suit, and while crossing one of the new bridges that we had just constructed, a strong gale blew up. It blew so fiercely that it blew all the checks out of my suit."

—Now that finishes the tale, only the fellow he'd related it to just gave him one glance, turned around, and walked off. There wasn't anything to be said.

* * * * *

4. Frozen Flame Strawberries

My uncle was up the North Pole. He said it was so cold that the flames went an' froze an' he cut 'em off--put sugar and cream on 'em, an' eat 'em for strawberries.

—That was my uncle. He knows a lot of 'em. His dad used to go out through Texas.

* * * * *

5. Thawing Frozen Flames

He said another time that it froze the flames an' he cut 'em off an' put 'em in his bed and forgot all about 'em. And next spring they thawed out and burnt his bed up.

(For another story of frozen flames see Mr. Jansen's article in this issue of the Bulletin. Frozen flame stories are well known in this country.

Grinnell, Iowa

Herbert Halpert

A GLANCE AT SOME INDIANA PLACE-NAMES

Indiana is not particularly rich in unusual or striking place-names. It does not, for example, have as great a number of Indian names as do some states of the East and West, nor as many of the picturesque as do certain sections of the South. However, there are in the state enough interesting place-names to warrant our giving them at least a cursory examination.

Those to be given here have been divided into the following groups: 1. men's names; 2. women's names; 3. names of other states and cities; 4. names of foreign countries, cities, rivers, etc.; 5. Biblical names; 6. names of historical figures; 7. names of literary men; 8. names of trades, professions, and offices; 9. names of animals, plants, and minerals; 10. names with Indian associations; 11. names with French associations; 12. miscellaneous. It should perhaps be added at this point that, in the case of towns bearing names of noted men or places, there is no intention to suggest that the one was in every instance named for the other.

1. Men's Names

Anthony, Arthur, Benton, Carlos, Clifford, Conrad, Cornelius, David, Douglas, Duane, Earl, Elliott, Ellis, Elmer, Elvin, Enos, Erwin, Eugene, Ferdinand, Gerald, Glenn, Haskell, Henry, Hobart, Howard, Jeff, Jerome, Julian, Kenneth, Lawrence, Leo, Leopold, Leroy, Marion, Martin, Max, Morris, Norman, Oliver, Ora, Otis, Otto, Owen, Randolph, Ray, Rex, Roland, Shelby, Spencer, Stanley, Thomas, Vernon, Victor, Wallace, Warren, Wayne, Wesley, Wilbur, Wilfred.

2. Women's Names

Alma, Anita, Beatrice, Celestine, Clare, Della, Dora, Edna (Mills), Elizabeth, Elnora, Emma, Ethel, Flora, Florence, Isabel, Iva, Julietta, Laura, Lena, Leota, Mildred, Mollie, Nora, Selma, Shirley, Vesta, Victoria, Virgie, Zelma.

3. Names Of Other States And Cities

Akron, Atlanta, Austin, Brooklyn, Camden, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Dayton, Denver, Emporia, Fargo, Florida, Frankfort, Galveston, Georgia, Kansas, Manhattan, Nashville, Nevada, Ogden, Oregon, Peoria, Philadelphia, Reno, Richmond, Roanoke, Salem, Sandusky, Santa Fe, Saratoga, Sedalia, Sitka, Syracuse, Toledo, Topeka, Vermont, Waco, Wheeling.

4. Names Of Foreign Countries, Cities, Rivers, Etc.

Aix, Albion, Alexandria, Algiers, Angola, Argos, Athens, Attica, Avon, Bath, Belfast, Bengal, Berne, Bingen, Bremen, Buena Vista, Cadiz, Cairo, Caledonia, Cambria, Canton, Carthage, Ceylon, China, Coburg, Corunna, Crete, Cuzco, Delphi, Dresden, Dublin, Dundee, Dunkirk, Edinburgh, Geneva, Gent, Guernsey, Hamburg, Hanover, Hindustan,

Holland, Honduras, Ireland, Jordan, Lapland, Lisbon, Liverpool, Livonia, London, Mecca, Metz, Mexico, Milan, Morocco, Moscow, Norway, Ontario, Orleans, Oxford, Pekin, Peru, Plevna, Poland, Runnymede, San Jacinto, Sardinia, Saxony, Scotland, Sedan, Serbia, Sevastopol, Siberia, Sparta, Syria, Tampico, Tangier, Trafalgar, Troy, Valparaiso, Vera Cruz, Verona, Versailles, Vienna, Vistula, Volga, Warsaw, Waterloo, Westphalia, Windsor.

5. Biblical Names

Antioch, Bethany, Bethel, Canaan, Carmel, Gilead, Hebron, Lebanon, Mount Pisgah, Mount Tabor, Mount Zion, Nineveh, Noah, Palestine, Sharon, Smyrna, Zadoc, Zoar.

6. Names Of Historical Figures

Adams, Bainbridge, Bolivar, Boone, Bradford, Buddha, Chase, Clinton, Columbus, Cromwell, Decatur, De Soto, Dewey, Fillmore, Franklin, Fulton, Gadsden, Garfield, Gridley, Hamilton, Hanna, Hancock, Harrison, Howe, Jackson, Jefferson, Kosciuszko, Kossuth, Laud, Lee, Lincoln, Luther, Madison, Marshall, McKinley, Monroe, Montezuma, Morton,* Napoleon, Pershing, Polk, Preble, Pulaski, Quincy, Raleigh, Roosevelt, Sevier, Sheridan, Taft, Taylor, Van Buren, Vigo, Warren, Washington, Wayne,* Webster.

7. Names Of Literary Men

Ade, Addison, Bacon, Boswell, Bryant, Burns, Byron, Cato, Chambers, Cicero, Cobb, Conrad, Dana, Erskine, Goldsmith, Gray, Holmes, Homer, Horace, Johnson, La Fontaine, Lowell, McCutchan (!), Ovid, Plato, Poe, Riley, Scipio, Scott, Sidney, Stevenson, Surrey, Tennyson, Terhune, Walton, Wright, Wyatt. Other place-names having literary associations are Aladdin, Andromeda, Arcadia, Banquo, Duncan, Hamlet, Orestes, Ossian, and Rob Roy.

8. Names Of Trades, Professions, And Offices

Barker, Beehunter, Butler, Carter, Chandler, Cook, Cutler, Deacon, Deputy, Dyer, Farmer, Fowler, Granger, Harper, King, Mentor, Miller, Plummer (!), Porter, Ranger, Sexton, Shepherd, Smith, Solon, Tanner, Trimmer, Wagoner, Waterman, Weaver, Wheeler. There are also Fishers and Hunters, and we might even include Sheff!

*Probably Oliver P. Morton, governor of the state during the Civil War period.

*The same place-name sometimes fits appropriately into more than one group (see Group 1 above, where both Wayne and Warren appear.) In the present instance I have in mind, of course, "Mad Anthony" Wayne and Joseph Warren.

9. Names Of Animals, Plants, and Minerals

Badger, Bass, Beaver (City), Buffalo, Bullock, Carp, Crane, Elk, Fox, Hart, Lamb, Oriole, Peacock, Pigeon, Raccoon, Swan, Trout.

Azalia (?), Bean Blossom, Beechwood, Black Oak, Bluegrass, Bramble, Branch, Buckeye, Bud, Burr Oak, Cedar, Cypress, Dogwood, Fern, Greenbrier, Hamlock, Laurel, Linden, Magnolia, Meadow, Mulberry, Oak, Orange, Phlox, Pine, Plumbtree, Reed, Rosebud, Rosewood, Rye, Sycamore, Tulip, Vine, Walnut. The state has also a Woods and a Forest.

Carbon, Crystal, Diamond, Flint, Galena, Gem, Mineral, Nickel, Silver, Stone, Sulphur, Tile.

10. Names With Indian Associations

Battle Ground, Blackhawk, Brant, Catlin, Cayuga, Delaware, Erie, Huron, Indian Springs, Iroquois, Kankakee, Kewanna, Kickapoo, Logan, Maumee, Maxinkuckee, Miami, Mishawaka, Modoc, Mohawk, Muscatatuck, Nappanee, Osceola, Oswego, Patoka, Pawnee, Shakamak, Shipshewana, Tecumseh, Tiosa, Tippecanoe, Uncas, Wakarusa, Wanatah, Wawaka, Wawasee, Wawpecong, Winamac, Wyandotte.

11. Names With French Associations

Academie, Bourbon, Busseron, Fontanet, French, French Lick, LaCrosse, Lafayette, La Porte, Ligonier, New Alsace, Orleans, St. Croix, Terre Coupee, Terre Haute, Versailles, Vincennes.

12. Miscellaneous

Acme, Advance, Alert, Alto, Americus, Amity, Amo, Aroma, Art, Asylum, Beard, Bide-a-Wee, Birdseye, Blix, Bobo, Bovine, Buckskin, Cantaloupe, Center, Chili, Code, Correct, Crossroads, Cumback, Cyclone, Dark Hollow, Domestic, Echo, Eden, Eminence, Enterprise, Eureka, Farmers Retreat, Fiat, Five Points, Fickle, Free, Freedom, Gnawbone, Gale, Halo, Handy, Home Place, Homestead, Hoosier, Hoosierville, Hope, Hurricane, Independence, Jintown, Jockeytown, Keystone, Leisure, Liberty, Licksillet, Little, Little Giant, Longnecker, Long Run, Lookout, Main, Midway, Monitor, Mount Etna, Mount Olympus, Needmore, New Era, Nine Mile, Noble, Octagon, Omega, Onward, Page, Paradise, Paragon, Patriot, Peerless, Peppertown, Petroleum, Philomath, Pinhook, Prairie, Prospect, Quaker, Quarry, Rainbow, Raintown, Reliance, Ripley, Roll, Riddle, Rising Sun, Santa Claus, Scarlet, Solitude, Spades, Speed, Spraytown, Standard, Starlight, Story, Strawtown, Summit, Sundown, Sunnyside, Surprise, Tab, Tocsin, Tower, Treaty, Trevlac (Calvert spelled backward), Ubee, Twelve Mile, Yankeetown, Yeoman, Young America, Youno, Zipp, Zulu.

Bloomington, Indiana

Paul G. Brewster

(Stories of how places got their names are definitely part of folklore once they escape from the realm of fact and get into oral tradition. Mr. Brewster's list should prove an excellent starting point for further investigations, as well as a fascinating sidelight on the taste of the original Hoosiers. — The Editor.)

EDITOR'S COMMENT

Since the members of the Hoosier Folklore Society are interested in many different aspects of folklore, the editor is happily able to point out that a good share of the emphasis of this number of the Bulletin is on folk beliefs and witchcraft. The issue also contains several of the anecdotal folktales of the type which have chiefly occupied our earlier issues. The editor feels no defense of this is necessary, for the tales are both entertaining to most of our audience and very worth preserving from the folklorist's point of view. It is not the Society's intention to limit the Bulletin to any one or two aspects of the broad field of folklore. But an editor must make his selection from material submitted to him, and tales seem to be most available.

The last publication date of this number is due to two factors. The first, regrettably, has been the delay in receiving the 1943 membership dues which form the basis of the Society's publishing fund. Members who have not yet paid up are urged to do so immediately. Second is the fact that the editor is now in the army and lacked time in which to do the work. His enforced absence from library facilities has also done away with most of the scholarly annotations of the material such as garnished last year's numbers of the Bulletin. Our readers must therefore be warned that most of the items in this issue have full parallels in European and American folklore even where none are listed.

We are again fortunate enough to have some interesting folklore from out-of-the-state sources, thus adding to the variety of our contents. In the Notes section we have also ventured into the field of contemporary folklore which should add to the amusement, if not the learning, of our readers.

Herbert Halpert

NOTES

"LITTLE MORON" STORIES

These stories were heard by my sister, Ruth Baughman, from students on the campus of Ball State Teachers College, Muncie, Indiana, during the past year. Since then I have heard them in many localities. Such jokes seem to circulate orally among city people, office workers and college people in particular. Most of these stories would probably be classified by Professor Stith Thompson in his Motif-Index under Absurd Misunderstandings. Some of the people I have heard seem to make a specialty of telling stories of this type which depend on gestures for their effectiveness. I have not included any of this type.

1. The little moron was nailing shingles on the house. Somebody noticed that he was throwing about half the nails away, and asked him why. "Because," said the little moron, "the heads are on the wrong ends." "Well, you dope," said the other, "those are for the other side of the house."

2. The little moron got up in the middle of the night to answer the telephone. "Is this one one one one?" says the voice. "No, this is eleven eleven." "You're sure it isn't one one one one?" "No, this is eleven eleven." "Well, wrong number. Sorry to have got you up in the middle of the night." "That's all right, mister. I had to get up to answer the telephone anyway."
3. Two little morons went hunting. The first one shot at a duck, and when it fell at his feet he felt bad that the little duck had died when he shot it. The other said, "Oh, don't feel so bad. The fall would have killed it anyway."
4. Little moron was painting the house when another one came up and said, "Got a good hold on that brush." "Yep." "Well, if you are sure you got a good hold on that brush I'll borrow your ladder for a second." "O.K. but don't keep it long. The handle of this paint brush is kind of slippery."
5. Little moron's wife sent him down town after a bucket of ice. He came back with a pail of water. "I got this for half price because it was melted."
6. Little moron took two slices of bread and went down and sat on the street corner waiting for the traffic jam. A big truck came along and gave him a jar.
7. Why did the little moron go to the lumber yard? -- To look for his draft board.
8. Why did the little moron stay up all night? -- To study for his blood test.
9. Then there was the little moron who broke his leg when he threw his cigarette butt down the manhole and tried to step on it.
10. And the one who took his nose apart to see what made it run.
11. Little moron tried to light his cigarette. He struck the first match on the seat of his pants, but it wouldn't light. He tried another. It wouldn't light. The third one finally lit. He lit his cigarette, carefully blew the match out and put it in his vest pocket. "What for did you put that match in your vest pocket." "That's a good match. I'll use it again."
12. Two little morons were in jail. They were trying to find a way out. "I know. I'll shine the flash light up to that window, you crawl up the beam and open that window." The other little moron objected. "Nothing doing. I'd get halfway up the beam and you'd turn the light off."
13. Little moron lost his pal in a train wreck. He started walking down the track and saw an arm. "That," he says, "must be Joe's arm." Likewise he finds Joe's other arm, his legs, etc. Finally he finds a head. "Yep, that's Joe's head. Say, Joe, are you hurt?"

CITY JESTS

We usually tend to think of folktales as passing on from generation to generation, most often among rural peoples. But what shall we call the story lore that spreads like wildfire among urban peoples? Consider with what amazing speed various humorous story fads rise and fall. At one time everyone has a stock of "Little Audrey" or "shaggy dog" stories. Then very suddenly the fad is over, and in a year or two people have the utmost difficulty in recalling any of the hundreds of jokes that were in circulation. "Little Audrey" was given a representative collection some years ago in the Publications of the Texas Folk-Lore Society. In this issue of the Bulletin, Mr. Baughman does the same for what was, at least till recently, the best known type: "Little Moron" stories.

In the summer of 1941, while working under a grant from Indiana University collecting folktales in New York and Pennsylvania, I met my first expert urban storyteller. Dr. Arnold Lewin, of New York City obviously enjoys telling jokes, and does so very well. He told me: "Everyone knows that I like jokes, so everyone tells me them as soon as they hear any. I hear them when my friends get together. They like to tell jokes other people tell them." Dr. Lewin has a tremendous repertory, and like that of most folk artists it keeps growing.

At least the first of this group of jokes about horses which he told me is a very common folktale in this country. The others are progressively wilder -- almost reaching the logical insanity of the humor of Groucho Marx. Whether this is folklore or not, the fact is that we have here a fascinating phenomenon of our modern culture, and one worth investigating.

1. The Talking Animals

A man's going hunting with his horse and dog and as he's riding along he comes to a big hole in the ground. The horse balks. So he says, "Get over there you son-of-a-gun." The horse says, "I will not!" The man turns to his dog and says, "Isn't that strange, a horse talking?" And the dog says, "Yes, isn't it?"

2. The Horse That Won The Kentucky Derby

This fellow was going home at night drunk and he was trying to put the key in his lock and he can't get it in, and hears a voice say, "You're drunk!" So he looks around, and there's nobody there. Then he turns away again and he hears a voice say, "I said, 'You're drunk!'" Then he looks up the block and there's no one there, only there's a milkman's wagon with a horse. So he's wondering who was talking when this horse says something else to him. This fellow's very surprised and says, "My God, a horse that talks! That's remarkable!" And the horse says to him, "That's nothing. You haven't heard anything. I won the Kentucky Derby three years in a row." And just then the milkman comes out of a building and the man says to him, "You've got a remarkable horse here!" And the milkman says, "What's the matter, has he been giving you that crap again about winning the Kentucky Derby?"

3. What'd You Do?

A fellow was telling his friend about the time he was down in Kentucky and he's standing in the middle of the street there and someone come along, grabs him, and holds him by the arms. And someone else comes along and puts a saddle on his back and something in his mouth, and before he knows what's happening, someone's mounting him and is riding him off to the races. So his friend asks, "Well what'd you do?" He says, "Third."

4. The Dead Horse

This fellow was walking down the street and he sees someone dragging a dead horse along by a rope and he thinks it's probably someone from the ASPCA. So he goes over and asks him if he can help. So the man thanks him, and they drag the horse down the street to the house and they carry it upstairs to this man's apartment and they dump it into the bathtub. Before leaving he couldn't keep in his curiosity and he asked, "Would you mind telling me why you want that dead horse in your bathtub?" And the man says, "Not at all. I have a brother-in-law who's a wise guy. You can't ever tell him anything. When the war broke out I called him up and I says, 'You know what happened?' and he says, 'Yeah, war started.' Then when my Uncle Joe died, and he had no way of knowing about it, I called him up and said, 'You know what happened?' and he said, 'Yeah, Uncle Joe died.' Well tonight he's gonna be here and sometime during the evening he'll go into the bathroom and he'll come rushing out and he'll say to me, 'You know what's in your bathtub?' and I'll say, 'Yeah, a dead horse.'"

Grinnell, Iowa

Herbert Halpert

A WISCONSIN ENDLESS TALE

Reading the Endless Tale, "Big John and Little John" in the last issue of the Hoosier Folklore Bulletin, I, page 88, brought to my mind a tale of this class which I used to hear when I was a boy. I had an aunt, Mrs. H. V. Kuhlman, of Milwaukee, who had a favorite story with which she would often plague us young people. This was in the early 1890's.

Johnny McGorry And The Red Stocking

Someone would ask her, "Auntie tell us a story?"

In response she would say, "Shall I tell you the story of Johnny McGorry and the Red Stocking?"

The answer would be "Yes."

She would say, "Not YES, but shall I tell you the story of Johnny McGorry and the Red Stocking?"

And we would say, "Yes please."

Her reply, "Not YES PLEASE, but shall I tell you the story of Johnny McGorry and the Red Stocking?"

"Yes please do."

Her reply, "Not YES PLEASE DO, but shall I tell you the story of Johnny McGorry and the Red Stocking?"

And so the story might go on for some time and create a lot of good fun.

Madison, Wisconsin

Charles Edward Brown
Director, Wisconsin Folklore Society

(We are again indebted to Mr. Brown for contributing to our Bulletin. Mr. Brown has collected and published a group of folklore pamphlets which will interest our readers. Some of the titles still in print are: Flapjacks from Paul Bunyan's Cook Shanty, Whiskey Jack Yarns, "Cousin Jack" Stories, Old Man River, Sea Serpents. All are obtainable for 25 cents each from the author, State Historical Museum, Madison, Wisconsin. Mr. Brown writes that they were printed "to encourage the use of folktales in storytelling at the camp fire and fireside . . . and have had a country-wide use." -- The Editor.)

THE BLACK DOG

The following story was told to me by Mr. John L. Cain when he was visiting in Bloomington, Indiana. Mr. Cain, as a boy, lived in the Irish section of Detroit, Michigan which was known as Corktown. His family, like most of Corktown, was both religious and superstitious. The incidents of this story were told Mr. Cain by his mother, as he was too young when the story took place to remember them at first hand. I have set the story down in as near Mr. Cain's own words as memory permits.

When I was a little bit of a duffer, my mother wanted to go call on a friend of hers that lived a few blocks from our house. - Mary, this friend's name was, and she kept house for a queer old bachelor. It was late at night, so Mother washed me up and took me along for company.

Well, we started out all right enough, 'though it was a cold winter's night, with snow in the air, and the streets deserted. We'd not gone far, however, before Mother said, "Something's wrong, Johnnie," and a few steps after that we saw a black dog running in front of us. He was a great big son of a gun, and all black as tar. First he'd run before us and then behind us, but he never left us alone for a minute. "We're turning back," says Mother, "for when my father died, a black dog ran along the roof and howled the whole night." Home we went, and to bed, 'though Mother was sorry not to see Mary.

Next morning, all Detroit had the news that old Mary'd been murdered in the night. Yes, sir, that - - - she kept house for had slipped up behind her, where she sat combing her hair by the looking-glass, and had slit her throat with a razor. I guess he must've gone nuts. --- Tell me, do you think that black dog could have had anything to do with it?

(See: Gardner, op. cit., p. 88, Note 18.)

Indiana University

Robert Graham McGuire

SWALLOWING SNAKE EGGS

Some of the end-products I obtained from a composition class assignment on folklore appeared in the Hoosier Folklore Bulletin. As described in the Bulletin, I, p. 85, I had students come to my office and tell stories while I took them down on the typewriter. The following one was told by one of my students, Leonard Bezahler, who hailed from New York City. He said he had heard it at a summer camp near Phoenicia, New York. "An old Navy man who was sort of a handyman around there used to sit down with us in the evening and tell us these stories."

Two fellows went out on a hike one day, and they had their canteens full of water. It wasn't long until they ran out of water and began searching for some stream, for they got very thirsty. They came upon a stream finally, and one of the boys bent down to take a drink. Well, he took this drink and jumped up very suddenly, exclaiming that he had swallowed something solid. Looking down, the boys discovered that there was a bed of snake eggs there. They didn't think much of this and after the day's hiking was over they went home. About a year later the boy who had said he had swallowed something solid, developed an enormous appetite, but remained constantly weak. Finally his mother said that something ought to be done about this, so she took him to a doctor. Well, the doctor examined him, and then decided to pump his stomach. The boy was very much surprized when the doctor pumped a ten foot snake from his stomach..

It's a funny thing - in the East a great number of people know about it, but out here I've tried it, and found that few people know about it. Tried it over at the frat the other night and got more laughs than I expected.

(This is a modern form of a widespread tale of the man who has an inordinate appetite caused by some creature which got into his stomach. It is very well known in Irish folklore. I believe another modern version of this story appeared some issues back in the Journal of American Folklore. Mr. Robert G. McGuire tells me that Nathaniel Hawthorne used a version in one of his tales. -- The Editor.)

Indiana University

David H. Dickason

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